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PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MISS NEPTUNE

A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

BY

REBA KIDDER PARKER

DICK & FITZGERALD
PUBLISHERS
18 Ann Street, New York

PLAYS FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY

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PLAYS FOR MALE CHARACTERS ONLY

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PICKLES AND TICKLES. 1 Act; 20 minutes	6
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CASE OF HERR BAR ROOMSKI. Mock Trial; 2 hours	28
DARKEY BREACH OF PROMISE CASE. Mock Trial.	22
GREAT LIBEL CASE. Mock Trial; 1 Scene; 2 hours	21
RIDING THE GOAT. Burlesque Initiation; 1 Scene; 1½ hours	24

DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers, 18 Ann Street, N. Y.

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MISS NEPTUNE.

CHARACTERS.

HUGH BRONSON.....*Of the Princeton Theological Seminary*
LESTER ELLIOT.....*A lawyer, in love with Margaret*
JERRY.....*Negro janitor of the church and stage driver*
MARGARET CAMERON....*Pretty, vivacious, of Scotch parentage*
MRS. BLUNT, *a widow*.....*An active church worker*
MRS. RICHMAN.....*A rich widow, in love with Lester Elliot*
ELOISE FEATHERTON.....*Sentimental old maid*
JANE BOARDMAN.....*An athletic girl*
LULU MARSH.....*A shy girl*
MURIEL FRENCH.....*A gushing girl*
JOHNNY.....*A country boy (played by girl)*

NOTE.—It is suggested that at every entrance of MARGARET, orchestra plays a few bars of "I Love a Lassie."

TIME.—The present. LOCALITY.—A country village.

TIME OF PLAYING.—About one and a quarter hours.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—At the station. Awaiting the pastor's arrival. Accident of LESTER. The new pastor arrives. MARGARET recognizes him. Attentions showered on him by his parishioners. To their annoyance he avails himself of the public omnibus. Jerry accused.

ACT II.—The pastor's study. Five days later. The invitations pour in. He tries to prepare his sermon. Besieged on all sides. Jerry about to be arrested. His "disposition" wanted. The empty purse returned. The confession. Jerry exonerated. The new pastor succeeds in finding Miss Neptune.

COSTUMES.

The costumes are modern, according to character portrayed.

HUGH BRONSON. Business suit, straw hat, etc.

LESTER ELLIOT. Summer suit.

MARGARET CAMERON. }
LULU MARSH. } Pretty summer dresses.
MURIEL FRENCH. }

MRS. BLUNT. Soft black dress.

MRS. RICHMAN. Motoring costume, goggles, etc.

JANE BOARDMAN. Short skirt, tan shoes, sweater around neck, no hat, shirtwaist, with mannish stock. ACT II. Street dress.

ELOISE FEATHERTON. Old fashioned funny costume. She carries a shawl.

JERRY. ACT I. Shabby suit. ACT II. Dilapidated frock coat, old silk hat.

JOHNNY. Dusty, ragged clothes. Dirty face.

INCIDENTAL PROPERTIES.

Dog for JANE BOARDMAN. Pitcher covered with napkin for LULU. Covered market basket for MURIEL. Apple and peanuts for JOHNNY. Letters, memorandum book, pipe, for HUGH.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

As seen by a performer on the stage facing the audience, R. means right hand; L., left hand; C., center of stage; C. D., center door in rear flat; L. D., left door; R. D., right door; L. C., left of center. UP means toward back of stage; DOWN, toward footlights.

MISS NEPTUNE.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A country railroad station. September. Doors at* C., DOWN R. *and* L. *Ticket office diagonally in upper* R. *corner. Slot machine between* C. D. *and ticket office. Window* L. *of* C. D. *Clock* R., *mirror* L. *Benches* C., R. *and* L. *of stage. Signs, time tables, lost and found notices, etc., on walls.*

ENTER JANE BOARDMAN L. D., *with dog on a chain.*

JANE (*looks at clock*). Well, Buster, in half an hour the sensation will arrive—the new young minister. We'll look him over as he gets into the stage, eh, boy? They say he's a real man, and not a mere gospel shark. Buster, how can a preacher be a natural man when he's trying to be an unnatural saint? (LULU MARSH *opens* R. D. *and seeing* JANE, *quickly shuts it again*) Hello! (LULU *opens door again*)

LULU (*at door. Timidly*). I did not know anyone was here. You startled me.

ENTER LULU R. D., *trying to hide behind her a pitcher covered with a napkin.*

LULU (*hesitatingly*). I just came to see what time it was.

JANE. I understand. Well, it's about half an hour short of the crucial moment, so we might as well sit down.

LULU. I guess I *am* tired. (LULU *and* JANE *sit* L. *front settee.* LULU *puts pitcher at her left.* JANE *sits* R. *of* LULU)

JANE. Look out, Buster! Don't touch that precious pitcher—an offering on the altar of friendship—libation to the gods—eh, Lulu? (*Goes to window*)

LULU (*looking confused*). I don't know what you mean.

JANE. And here's Muriel coming. (*Goes* DOWN R. C.) She must want to see the clock too.

ENTER MURIEL FRENCH L. D., *carrying a small covered market basket.*

MURIEL. Why, hello girls! I suppose you came down to welcome Mr. Bronson. So did I. I think he's *fine.* You know I met him when he was a candidate, and I am so glad he is coming here. (*Goes to mirror to straighten hat*)

JANE (*indifferently*). Why, do you like him?

MURIEL. Oh, I admire his character so.

JANE. Why, Muriel?

MURIEL. His hobby is foreign missions, and he was just *crazy* to go to China, but his mother hated to have him go so far away, so he gave up the desire of his life to please her.

LULU. That is why Mrs. Blunt told the congregation they ought to have him. She is so interested in the work of foreign missions.

JANE. I've noticed that Margaret Cameron and foreign missions constitute her complete range of subjects for conversation.

MURIEL. Well, she works like a dog for the church, and who could help talking about Margaret. Everybody in Grenville thinks she is perfectly *dear.*

LULU. I've missed her dreadfully all summer since she has been in Nantucket. (LULU *crosses to window*)

MURIEL. I guess Lester Elliot could second that remark.

JANE. Although he has consoled himself quite often with Mrs. Richman.

LULU. That stingy woman?

JANE. I don't believe she *is* stingy. I believe she does a lot of charitable work secretly.

MURIEL. Well, Lester Elliot has been at Margaret's heels for years and years, and I suppose he needs a little sympathy when she goes away.

ENTER JOHNNY R. D. *Has an apple in pocket. Goes to slot machine* UP R., *whistling.*

JANE. Hello, Johnny, did you come to meet the new minister?

JOHNNY (*getting out peanuts*). Nope. (*Stuffs them into his mouth*)

MURIEL (*holding out hand*). Give me a peanut, will you?

JOHNNY (*takes apple from pocket and bites it*). Nope. (*Goes* C.)

LULU. I thought Mr. Elliot would meet Mr. Bronson with his new horse and runabout.

JOHNNY (*walking* DOWN R.). Had an accident.

MURIEL
JANE } Accident?
LULU

MURIEL. What happened?

JANE. Is he hurt?

LULU. What?

JOHNNY (*at extreme* L., *over his shoulder*). Got his trace broke.

JANE (*crosses* L., *jerks arm as he is in the act of taking another bite*). Tell us all about it, and stop eating.

JOHNNY. Ain't nothin' to tell. He broke his trace on Bearce Hill an' that's all. (*Makes a face at her, and runs out* L. D.)

JANE. Well, I'm going out to investigate. Come on, Buster. (*Starts toward* R. D.)

LULU. I guess I'll go with you and get some fresh air. (EXIT JANE *and* LULU R. D. *Noise of an approaching motor is heard*)

ENTER MRS. RICHMAN, L. D.

MRS. RICHMAN. Oh, Muriel, have you seen Jerry? (*Crosses* R., *brushing off dust and removing goggles*) Ugh! How dusty it is motoring to-day. Mr. Elliot wanted him for something important. By the way, I wonder why Lester is not here to meet our new dominie?

MURIEL (*at* L.) He was detained by an accident.

MRS. R. Accident! (*Showing agitation*) What *is* it? Is he hurt?

MURIEL. I believe not. His trace broke.

MRS. R. (*showing relief*). Where?

MURIEL. On Bearce Hill.

MRS. R. (*smiling*). Oh, I must go right over, and see if I can help him. (*Goes to* L. D.) I'll return soon and take Mr. Bronson up to the manse in my car. Good-bye. (*Noise of motor off stage*) [EXIT L. D., *hurriedly*

ENTER MARGARET C. D. MURIEL *does not see her.*

MARGARET (*at* C. *Sees* MURIEL). You look as though you were posing for a picture—subject (*Teasingly*). "Awaiting my Fate."

MURIEL. Well, what are you doing here, "Saucy?"

MARGARET. I just came along to see if I were a good prophet, and I was!

MURIEL. How is that? (*Going* DOWN L.)

MARGARET (C.). Well, you are in the station, Jane and Lulu are on the platform, Eloise Featherton is jogging along in her buggy, and every parlor window in Grenville has a female waiting to see, hear or shake hands with the ministerial victim.

ENTER JANE *and* LULU R. D.

LULU. I'm so glad Mr. Elliot is not hurt.

JANE (*seeing* MARGARET). Behold the latest convert to Bronsonism! (R. C.)

MARGARET. No indeed! I have only been counting the sheep. I am no longer one of the flock.

LULU (*at* R.). What do you mean?

MARGARET. I have resigned from the Sunday School, the Missionary Society, the Ladies' Aid, the Christmas Entertainment Committee and everything else except church membership.

MURIEL. Why, Margaret, we can't get along without a worker like you.

MARGARET. Oh, yes, you can. I only worked hard because dear old Mr. MacDougall inspired me. I'm sure Hugh Bronson is a young prig, and I simply intend to keep out of his way. (*Goes* UP R.)

MURIEL. And you won't stay and meet him, and find out he isn't the least bit of a prig? (*Goes* UP C.)

MARGARET. I would not be here when that train arrives for (*Pause*) "A' the siller in Edinburgh." (*Going* DOWN L. C.)

JANE. Perhaps you have discovered that "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Perhaps our "Rising young lawyer" has influenced your resignation, eh Margie? (*Goes* UP *to window.* MURIEL *goes* DOWN R.)

MARGARET. Never! You girls might just as well stop speculating about *that.* I never was engaged to Lester Elliot, and I never will be, and if any of you girls want him, take him, and earn my lasting gratitude.

LULU (*at* R. C.). Why Margie, you didn't talk like that last June. (JANE *goes* DOWN L.)

MARGARET (C.). Perhaps with not so much emphasis. Lester is a nice lad, but I met a man this summer who swept

me off my feet. A man of great vitality,virile and yet tender, masterful and yet chivalrous, with a brilliant mind, enriched with poetic understanding,—a practical worker, but a persistent idealist—

JANE. Hear! Hear! Are you open to congratulations?

MARGARET. Hardly. (*Laughing*) I don't even know his name, and shall probably never see him again (*Sighs*) "Till a' the seas gang dry."

MURIEL. But how can you know him so well when you are not even acquainted?

MARGARET. I was out swimming alone one day, and my amphibious disposition made me too venturesome. I was caught in a current and was being carried out to sea when he rescued me in a small sailboat.

LULU. How thrilling!

MARGARET. It was rather. But we became so interested in talking about everything under the sun that we never reached personalities, and while I tried to discover his identity afterwards, I failed.

JANE. He must have been a wonder.

MARGARET. He was. In fact, I think he was a Triton, and not a flesh and blood man after all.

LULU. How you talk!

MARGARET. Just midsummer madness, Lulie! By the way, I wonder where Mrs. Blunt is? (*Goes* UP *to window, followed by* LULU)

MURIEL. It *is* strange she is not here, considering her devotion to the minister's pet subject—foreign missions.

JANE. Yes, she ought to be here to tell him just what to preach about next Sunday.

MARGARET. Well, she is a dear soul, anyway. (*Looks at clock. Rapidly*) "My certie! (*Goes* DOWN L. C.) The exciting moment is almost here. I'll be stepping. (*Goes* L.) Perhaps I'll meet Mrs. Blunt on the way. Sorry I can't induce any of you to come along. (*Laughs*) Farewell. (*At* L. D.) Don't kill him with the milk of human kindness. [EXIT L. D. *laughing*

NOTE.—*Ticket window opens noiselessly.*

MURIEL (C.). Well, I don't believe in falling in love with a myth. If I were Margaret, I would take a short cut to matrimony, and accept Lester.

LULU (*at window*). Look here and see who is coming! (*Girls rush to window*)

MURIEL. It is Eloise Featherton in that rickety old buggy to escort the minister to the manse.

JANE. Oh, Lord! What a get up! Don't bark at it, Buster.

ENTER ELOISE FEATHERTON C. D.

ELOISE. Oh, girls! I thought Dobbin would never get here in time. We couldn't let Mr. Bronson take the stage—so inhospitable, you know. (*Goes to mirror*)

JANE (*at* R.). He might get there quicker.

ELOISE (*mysteriously*). He might not want Jerry to drive him in the stage if he *knew*.

GIRLS. What?

ELOISE (*beckoning to girls*). My dears! It is most exciting news. They say that last Sunday Mrs. Richman left her gold purse in her pew and that Jerry *stole* it!

LULU. How dreadful!

JANE. I don't believe it!

MURIEL (*at window*). Look, who is coming now, and the train is due. (*All rush to window*)

ELOISE. It's Mrs. Blunt and Margaret.

LULU. *Margaret!*

JANE. Mrs. Blunt is limping and leaning on Margaret's arm. (*Noise of approaching train is heard*)

MURIEL. And here comes the train.

ENTER MARGARET *and* MRS. BLUNT C. D.

MURIEL. Why, Margaret! (*Sound of voices of* MRS. RICHMAN, HUGH BRONSON *and* LESTER ELLIOT *off stage*)

MARGARET. "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley."

ENTER MRS. RICHMAN, HUGH BRONSON *and* LESTER ELLIOT, L. D.

MRS. RICHMAN. You must let me take you up in my car. (*Goes to* C. D. ELLIOT *and girls bow.* ELLIOT *at extreme* L. *watches* MARGARET)

MURIEL (*at* L. C. *goes forward and shakes hands with* HUGH BRONSON). I am so glad to see you, Mr. Bronson.

HUGH BRONSON. Miss French, I believe.

MURIEL. And I want you to meet my friends, Miss Boardman and Miss Marsh. (JANE *and* LULU DOWN R.)

HUGH (*crosses* R., *shakes hands with them*). A great pleasure to meet my congregation so soon. I appreciate the kind attention.

MRS. BLUNT (*going* DOWN C.). I fell down hurryin' here to welcome you. (*Shakes hands*) I would have missed you if this dear child had not helped me. Miss Cameron—Mr. Bronson. (*They shake hands*, HUGH *crossing to* C.)

HUGH. It was indeed kind of you both, but (*Turning* R. *to* MRS. BLUNT) tell me, are you much hurt?

MARGARET (*aside*). My Triton.

MRS. B. Dear no! Just a slight wrench in my rheumatic ankle.

HUGH. I am glad it is nothing serious. (*Turning* L. *to* MARGARET) I met you in Grenville during my last visit, did I not?

MARGARET. Oh, no! I have just returned from the seaside.

HUGH. Strange! I thought we had met before.

ELOISE (*at* R. *Interrupting*). *We* have never met before, Mr. Bronson, but I must shake hands with you. Perhaps I could drive you to the manse.

HUGH. Thanks, but—

LESTER ELLIOT (L. C.). I hoped to take you in my runabout, but my trace broke on the way.

MRS. R. (L.). I asked you first to come along with us.

JANE (*at window*). Here is daddy with his trotter "Star Pace." You had better come with us in the road wagon, eh Buster?

HUGH. You are all so kind, but I won't deprive the stage-driver of his fare. Will you all excuse me?

MRS. R.
ELOISE
JANE } (*disappointedly*). Oh! (HUGH *moves* UP *stage*)

JERRY (*opening* C. D.). All aboard!

LULU (*going* UP). I hope you like chicken broth? I am going to leave it at the manse for your supper. I was afraid Eliza would only make tea.

MURIEL. And I shall go with her and leave some of our grapes for your dessert. (*Opening basket*)

ELOISE. But you must wrap this shawl around your knees (*Suiting the action to the word*) in that draughty stage.

JANE. And here is a footstool. (*Laughing and holding out Buster*)

HUGH (*looks helpless. Comedy business*). Thank you all.

I shall accept your gifts with pleasure, except the footstool. (*Patting Buster; to* JANE) I could not think of robbing you of such a treasure. (*Turns and looks at* MARGARET. ELLIOT *is gazing at* MARGARET *and* HUGH *who are absorbed in each other*)

MRS. R. (L.). Lester!

LESTER (*aside*). They have met before.

HUGH. Good-bye, until we meet again! (MARGARET *holds pose.* MRS. R. *at* L. D., LESTER *gazes at* MARGARET) [EXIT C. D.

GIRLS (*following* HUGH *out*). Good-bye. (MARGARET *gazes after them, smiling*) [EXIT JANE, ELOISE, MURIEL, LULU C. D.

LESTER (*aside*). She must love him to smile like that!

MRS. R. Aren't you coming, Lester? (*Touching his arm.* MARGARET *turns her head confused*)

LESTER (*holding pose*). Yes. (*Turning* L. *and speaking vehemently*) I will go with you anywhere, *now.*

[EXIT MRS. R. *and* LESTER L. D., *quickly*

MRS. B. (*at* L. C.). Are you dreamin', Lassie?

MARGARET. Yes, do dreams ever come true?

ENTER ELOISE R. D.

ELOISE. Oh, what do you think, what *do* you think? They say Jerry is going to be arrested for stealing Mrs. Richman's purse.

MRS. B. What! (*Excitedly*). Is that true?

MARGARET (R.). Not dear old Jerry.

ELOISE. Well, I heard it in front of the Court House, so I just guess it is.

MRS. B. Come, Margaret, help me to get to the Court House at once. I shall not permit honest Jerry to be arrested.

ELOISE. You know what the old darkey himself said when caught with a chicken under each arm. "Well, you know, niggers will steal, sah, niggers will steal."

MARGARET. But not Jerry.

ELOISE (*goes* R.). My dear, I *always* see everybody go in and come out of church. I saw Mrs. Richman go out, and then Mrs. Blunt came last. Nobody was left but Jerry, (*Dramatically*) and he had to lock the organ right next to Mrs. Richman's pew!

MARGARET. But there *must* be some mistake.

MRS. B. (*significantly*). There is! there is!

ELOISE. How can you prevent his arrest?

MRS. B. I don't know, but I *will*. What, lock up an innocent man in jail? Never! I'll make them arrest *me* before Jerry shall go to prison!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—HUGH BRONSON'S *study. Five days later. Doors* C. *and* L. *Book-cases* UP R. *and* L., *also against* L. *wall. Revolving book-case* L. *Fireplace* DOWN R. *Desk and revolving chair* R. *Telephone, pipe, writing material, memorandum book, etc. on desk. Easy chair* R., *chairs* R. *and* L. *Photo on mantel.* DISCOVERED HUGH BRONSON *at desk, writing. Old fashioned clanging bell rings off stage and postman's whistle is heard.*

HUGH. Oh, why does a minister's maid-servant seek diversion on Saturday nights? (EXITS C. D. *and RETURNS with mail. Goes to desk and opens letter*). Invitation to dine, Miss Marsh. (*Opens another*) Ditto, Miss Boardman. (*Opens another*) Hum! still another, Miss French. I shall have indigestion if I keep on dining at this rate. (*Opens another*) Invitation to *supper*, by way of variety, Mrs. Richman. (*Opens another*) May she be honored by Mr. Bronson's accepting an invitation to drive, Miss Featherton. Well, "The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets." (*Opening another*) What's this? Hum! A personal letter from Andy Milton, new secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of this State. (*Reading letter*) "Dear Hugh:—I have just received, postmarked Grenville, an anonymous letter containing $25.52, for the cause, and thought it might interest you, as your church is the most active in the work in your town. Look out for your modest philanthropist! With best wishes for your success, Sincerely"—(*Opening another*) And what is this? (*Looking at signature*) Mrs. Blunt, with an enclosure. (*Looking at enclosure*) Enclosure signed "Margaret Cameron. Her resignation from the church societies. (*Looking at* MRS. BLUNT'S *letter*) Mrs. Blunt urges me to persuade Miss Cameron to change her decision. (*Turning to fireplace*) Now, how am I to do that? (*Turning to desk*) Well, I must write this sermon. (*Writes hurriedly for a moment. Turns to fireplace*)

Strange how that girl's voice rings in my ears, and her face continually comes before me. (*Provoked*) I can't seem to keep my mind on my subject. I say to myself (MARGARET'S *music heard faintly off stage*) "Margaret Cameron" "Margaret Cameron" in the most ridiculous way. (*Door-bell rings*) Another interruption! When will to-morrow's sermon be written? (*Opens* C. D.)

ENTER JERRY C. D.

HUGH. Good evening, Jerry.

JERRY. 'Scuse me, Marse Bronson, I knocked at de back do' but nobody done come, so I had de effrontery to ring de bell. Please to 'scuse me.

HUGH. Well, what can I do for you? (*Sits at desk*)

JERRY (C.). Well, I see you is mos' particularly busy, a sermon, I suppose, sah.

HUGH. Yes, to-morrow's sermon on Foreign Missions.

JERRY. Lordy, Marse Bronson, why don't dey jus' religionize de folks in dis yeah country?

HUGH. Because we have so many benefits as christians, we want to share them—to teach those, who know nothing of the bible, how to live.

JERRY. But Miss Featherton done tol' me dose folks in China are very honest critters, never steals nothin', never gets drunk and behaves pretty tolable well.

HUGH. Yes, they have a good many fine traits.

JERRY. Well, dey is a good many Christians in dis yeah country, sah, dat ain't as good dat-a-way as dese heatheuers. (*Telephone on desk rings*)

HUGH (*taking receiver*). Hello! Good evening, Mr. Elliot. Yes indeed. Come right along. In half an hour you say. All right, good-bye. (*Puts up receiver*) Well, Jerry, what did you want to see me about?

JERRY. 'Scuse me, Marse Bronson, but do you know anythin' 'bout bein' 'rested?

HUGH (*laughs*). Not from actual experience.

JERRY (*laughs*). Haw! Haw! I guess not. But Marse Elliot says I'se gwine ter be 'rested, an' I don' quite understan'.

HUGH. Why are you going to be arrested?

JERRY. Well, Marse Elliot says I done stole Mrs. Richman's pocket-book with a heap of money in it outen her pew las' Sunday mawnin'.

HUGH (*earnestly*). Well, did you?

JERRY. No sah, I suttinly did *not*, sah. My mother always tol' me nebber to steal nothin' cos you is always right sure to get found out. Well, I'm found out, but I jus' natchelly never did de stealin'.

HUGH. Can you prove your innocence?

JERRY. I don' exactly know, sah. But I'se awful tired runnin' dat stage, an' takin' care of dis yeah church. I reckon de ol' jail would be about de nex' bes' place to de cemetery fo' a good rest.

HUGH. What does Mr. Elliot say?

JERRY. Marse Elliot say I'se gwine to be 'rested an' brung to de Court House Monday mawnin' fo' trial, an' he wants my disposition befo' dat time.

HUGH. Oh, your deposition, you mean.

JERRY. Yas, Marse Bronson, yas sah, an' I thought mebbe you-all would condescend to help me with the wordin' of this yeah disposition. I can do de writin' I guess, sah, but I hasn't got de ejucation fo' de wordin', I reckon.

HUGH (*rising*). Well, sit right down here, Jerry, where the writing materials are, and I will help you.

JERRY. Lordy, Marse Bronson, ef I sit in dat holy chair, I'se sho' gwine free to heaven.

HUGH (c.). Well, sit down then. Faith probably will get you there.

JERRY (*swinging around in revolving chair, getting up and sitting down again*). I'se learned de firs' part by heart. (*Business trying to write*) I, Jeremiah Johnson, bein' of soun' min', mem'ry and understandin', do hereby declah that,—Now, what *do* I declah, sah?

HUGH (*sits* L. *laughing*). You're not writing your will, eh Jerry?

JERRY (*smiling*). No sah! I don' s'pose I'll done get electr'cuted, anyway.

HUGH. Well, you had better fix it up right for Mr. Elliot like this,—" I, Jeremiah Johnson, of full age, being duly sworn, according to law, on my oath, do depose and say, that I did not steal the pocket-book——

JERRY. I, Jeremiah Johnson of full age, bein' duly sworn, accordin' to law, on my oath, do depose an' say that I did not steal the pocket-book——

HUGH. Left in Mrs. Richman's pew——

JERRY. Lef' in Mis' Richman's pew——

HUGH. And furthermore——

JERRY. And, futhermore——

HUGH. That I have no knowledge——

JERRY. Dat I'se no knowledge——

HUGH. Regarding its disappearance.

JERRY. Regardin' its dis'ppearance. Signed, Jeremiah Johnson. Witness—(*Looking toward* HUGH.)

HUGH. I will witness it. (*Crosses* R., *sits at desk, looks at paper*) I see you believe, with Roosevelt, in phonetic spelling.

JERRY. Yas, Boss. I sho' is a Bull Moose.

HUGH (*signing*). There! You can leave it here until to-morrow evening after church. I will have a talk with Mr. Elliot in the meantime, and see what can be done.

JERRY (*going to* C. D.). Thank you, sah, thank you. I s'pose my old mule would miss me consid'able if I left her and went into de jail. My fambly is all daid, sah.

HUGH. Well, good night, and good luck to you, and, (*Smiling, and holding out his handkerchief*) tie that around the inside of my door-bell as you go out, will you?

JERRY. Haw! Haw! I suttinly will, sah, yes sah.

HUGH (*as* JERRY *is going out*). Oh, Jerry, just leave that handkerchief in the hall for future use, I forgot about Mr. Elliot.

JERRY (*at* C. D.). Haw! Haw! Very well, sah, yas sah. [EXIT C. D.

HUGH (*writes hurriedly for a moment. Bell rings. Holds up one page*). One page of to-morrow's sermon. (*Tearing it up. Walking* UP *stage*) I shall have to turn to my sermon "barrell" (*Indicating files in revolving book-case*) Well, what is every sermon but old truth in a new dress? (*Opens* C. D.)

ENTER MURIEL *and* LULU C. D.

GIRLS. Good evening!

HUGH (*shaking hands*). Oh, how do you do, Miss French. Pleased to see you, Miss Marsh. Won't you sit down?

MURIEL R. C. HUGH C. LULU L.

MURIEL. Well, I don't believe we have time. We came to ask a favor.

HUGH (*goes to desk*). Well, please be comfortable while you ask it. (*Girls sit.* MURIEL R. C., LULU L.)

LULU. But you appear to be very busy.

HUGH. Oh, well! My time belongs to my congregation. *That* work can wait, (*Aside*) as usual.

MURIEL. Mrs. Blunt has sent word that she cannot take her class to-morrow, and asked one of us to substitute.

LULU. I should be frightened to death.

MURIEL. You see it is a grown-up class to which we belong, and neither of us feel competent to lead the discussion, so we thought perhaps you would help us.

HUGH (*smiling*). I believe, like Miss Marsh, "I should be frightened to death."

LULU. But you are accustomed to public speaking.

MURIEL (*smiling*). You must have talked to girls before, at college teas and on vacations. (LULU *walks* UP L.)

HUGH. "Talked"—yes, but not "taught." They generally taught me. (*Bell rings*)

HUGH. Excuse me. (*Rises. Goes to* C. D.) Eliza is gregarious this evening. (*Opens door*)

ENTER C. D. ELOISE, *who comes bustling in quickly.*

ELOISE (*shaking hands*). *So* glad to find you in. (LULU *goes* DOWN R. MURIEL DOWN L.) Oh, how do you do, girls! I want to see you *very especially*, Mr. Bronson.

HUGH (R. C.). Indeed! A private matter?

ELOISE. Not exactly.

MURIEL. Don't ask us to go before Mr. Bronson has given us his ultimatum.

ELOISE (*to* MURIEL). Well, *my* business is merely a *question.* (*To* HUGH) The Foreign Mission Society meets at my house Monday evening, and I want to know if you won't be the guest of honor and make an address?

LULU. How nice that would be!

HUGH. Indeed it will give me great pleasure to do so.

ELOISE. I am *so* pleased,—in fact, positively *flattered.* (*Ogling him*) *You* will come at seven-fifteen sharp, will you?

HUGH (*takes out memorandum book and writes*). Seven-fifteen sharp.

ELOISE. And now I'll run away and let you girls monopolize this poor, tired man. Good-bye, girls! (*Goes* UP. *Looks sentimentally at* BRONSON) Good-bye! [EXIT C. D.

LULU. (R. C.). Why, the Foreign Mission Society begins at seven-forty-five. (BRONSON *goes* DOWN R.)

MURIEL. Beware, beware, Mr. Bronson! If Eloise Featherton has a half hour tete-a-tete with you, you are in danger of a suit for breach of promise.

HUGH (*laughing*). You don't mean it? Perhaps I am already engaged.

LULU (*disappointedly*). Oh, really?

HUGH. Oh, I am not committing myself. I don't believe in taking the general public into my private confidence, you know.

MURIEL (*crosses* R.). Well, if you aren't going to tell us your secrets, perhaps you will at least give us an answer and we will leave you to finish your work.

HUGH. Your call has been an oasis in a desert of labor. Please interrupt me again, and you may count on me at the Sunday School to-morrow.

LULU. Oh, thank you. (*Goes* UP *stage*)

MURIEL. It is awfully good of you. We will promise to be on our best behavior. (*Goes* UP)

HUGH (UP C.). It will be more of an ordeal than taking my ordination test, but I am "game." (*Bell rings*)

MURIEL. You seem to be receiving to-night.

HUGH. You and Miss Marsh had better act as a committee and assist me.

LULU. Oh, no. (*Drawing back*)

MURIEL. Oh, yes. (*Takes* LULU'S *arm, crosses* L. *and moves* DOWN *a little*)

HUGH (*opens* C. D.). Come right in, Miss Boardman.

ENTER JANE C. D.

JANE. Good evening. (*To girls*) Oh, hello!

MURIEL. We are just going. Mr. Bronson is besieged by females this evening.

JANE. Well, I have "Bearded the lion in his den" for an altruistic purpose. (*Goes* R. HUGH UP C.)

MURIEL. Our motives, and I fear those of Miss Featherton, were not on such a high moral plane.

LULU (*at door*). We will not detain you any longer.

MURIEL. No, we will leave "The Lion and the Mouse." (*Laughs*)

LULU
MURIEL } Good night.

JANE
HUGH } Good night. (HUGH *goes* DOWN C.)

JANE (*sits in chair by fireplace*) Mine is an errand of mercy, Mr. Bronson.

HUGH. Yes?

JANE. I have been aggressive enough to seek your influence with Mr. Eliott in Jerry's behalf.

HUGH (*sitting in desk chair*). My sympathies are already enlisted for Jerry.

JANE. That's good. Well, all I want for him is fair play.

HUGH. And you shall have it, if my influence counts for anything. I am expecting Mr. Elliot this evening to discuss the matter.

JANE (*rising*). Thank you so much. (*Looks at mantel*) Jerry is is an honest old dear, and I feel sure he did not steal that pocket-book.

HUGH. The evidence is only circumstantial so far.

JANE. That is just the point. (*Picks up photo on mantel*) Pardon me, but what a charming pose this girl has! May I examine it? (*Goes* DOWN *a little*)

HUGH. Certainly. (*Aside. Annoyed*) Confound it! (DOWN C.)

JANE. A pity one can't see her face. She is so graceful, I am sure she must be pretty. And what a pretty bathing suit too! I wish I could dive like that. (*Teasingly*) Your taste is excellent. Don't blush. I can't resist the temptation of looking on the back, "Miss Neptune," the girl I left behind me, I suppose? (*Smiling*)

HUGH. Oh, she left me far behind when it came to diving.

JANE. I am glad she is real and not just a fancy picture. But I fear the Grenville girls will be jealous of "Miss Neptune." (*Replaces photo.*)

HUGH. You are "rigging" me, Miss Boardman. (*Aside*) Hang her curiosity! (DOWN R.)

JANE. I see where the female population of Grenville will begin to take swimming lessons.

HUGH. I hope I may be chosen as teacher.

JANE (*shakes her finger at him*). What would "Miss Neptune" think of that speech? (*Crosses* L.) It would be her turn to be jealous.

HUGH. Not at all. (R.) "Miss Neptune" and I are not even friends.

JANE. Dear me, what a relief! I shall tell your adorers that there is still hope. (*Goes* UP L.)

HUGH. You are kind. But seriously, I hope to prove *one* kind of a life preserver here, although not on the sea of matrimony.

JANE (*seriously*). Well, I do not doubt you will succeed in your work. (*At door*) Thanks for your encouragement (*Laughs*) about *Jerry*, I mean. Good night.

HUGH. Good night, Miss Boardman. (*EXIT* JANE C. D. HUGH *goes* DOWN R., *places photo. on desk. Lights pipe*). Yes my little water nymph, we are not even friends because I

shall always be your lover, even though our paths may never cross again. (*Sighs*) I dare say I am a sentimental idiot, but next summer I shall resume my search. I shall never rest until I have found you, until I have learned if you are free. (*Bell rings*) Good night little sweetheart. (*Puts photo. in drawer*) I must stop dreaming now. (*Opens* C. D.)

ENTER ELLIOT C. D., *and crosses to fireplace.*

HUGH. Good evening, Mr. Elliot.

ELLIOT. How are you, Mr. Bronson?

HUGH. Very curious as to the pocket-book mystery.

ELLIOT. Jerry has been to see you? (*Sits* R.)

HUGH (*sits* L.). Yes, and I cannot help feeling he is innocent.

ELLIOT. Well, that remains to be proved. Did he get you to witness his deposition?

HUGH. Yes, I have it here. (*Goes to desk*)

ELLIOT. Ah, that's good. I am very anxious to see it. (*Crosses* L. *of desk*)

HUGH (*hands it to* ELLIOT). It *is* rather a curiosity.

ELLIOT. When I was calling on Mrs. Richman this afternoon she informed me that her gold purse had been returned yesterday empty.

HUGH. Indeed!

ELLIOT (*taking paper from pocket*). And I brought the wrapping paper here to compare the handwriting.

HUGH. This is growing *more* interesting.

ELLIOT (*comparing writing*). I cannot find the slightest resemblance, can you? (*Handing him paper*)

HUGH. None whatever. (*Returning paper*)

ELLIOT. And yet that handwriting looks familiar. I wonder if he got somebody to address it?

HUGH. How much was stolen?

ELLIOT. Two tens and a five and fifty-two cents in cash.

HUGH (*after a pause*). Ah, I think I have a clue. We will have Sherlock Holmes out-Sherlocked!

ELLIOT. What is it?

HUGH. Read this letter from Milton of the Board of Foreign Missions. (ELLIOT *takes and reads letter*)

ELLIOT. Hum! Twenty-five dollars and fifty-two cents. That is quite a coincidence. You don't suppose Jerry had a twinge of conscience, and disposed of the money in that way, do you?

HUGH (*smiling*). My dear Elliot, our friend Jerry, according to his own testimony a short while ago, is not what one would call sympathetic with the cause of foreign missions. Besides, I think you and I are on the wrong track.

ELLIOT (*crosses* R. *and sits*). Perhaps we are. But although there seems to be a connection between the amount stolen and the contribution from Grenville, I cannot unravel the skein.

HUGH. My dear fellow! Have you never heard of religious fanaticism?

ELLIOT. Why, yes.

HUGH. Well, I believe a religious fanatic in this congregation has done this thing. You know a person can go to excess in religion—can make it a form of dissipation, and there lies the solution of the mystery, I believe.

ELLIOT. You mean to say that in the desire to further the interests of christianity, a religious person could actually commit a crime to accomplish his purpose?

HUGH. I do. It sounds paradoxical, but it is not unprecedented. The question now is, who is the guilty person?

ELLIOT (*puzzled*). This psychological revelation has made chaos of my brain. I cannot imagine who this socialistic evangelist could be. (*Bell rings*)

HUGH. Excuse me. (*Goes to* C. D. *Aside*). I guess it's time to adjust that handkerchief.

ENTER MRS. BLUNT *and* MARGARET, C. D.

HUGH (*to visitors*). How do you do?

MRS. B. }
MARGARET } Good evening.

MRS. B. Margaret escorted me, as I feared I might take another tumble. Well, my pride has taken a tumble, and that is why I am here to talk to you for a few moments, if I may.

HUGH. Certainly. Won't you be seated? (MRS. B. *Sits* L.)

ELLIOT. Permit me to retire. [EXIT L. D.

MARGARET (*following* ELLIOT). And me also. [EXIT L. D.

MRS. B. Very well. It doesn't matter. (*Weeps.* HUGH *sits* L. *of* MRS. BLUNT) I have a confession to make, Mr. Bronson, which is hard for me, seein' as I have always been what you might call a pillar of the church.

HUGH. Do not make it, Mrs. Blunt. I think I know the cause of your distress.

MRS. B. (*changed tone*). Oh, thank goodness, you do, sir,

and I won't have to make the confession after all. Then you know that I, who have always been a good christian woman, have performed a very wicked act.

HUGH. Yes, but I believe that you did not realize what you were doing.

MRS. B. Indeed I did not. (*Weeps*) But now, not only I, but Grenville, will realize it, and I, the front pillar of the church will be lowered to the ground—disgraced.

HUGH. Oh, no!

MRS. B. (*change of tone*). But, my Patience! You must be a clever man to find out what I had done. Why did you suspect a real pious christian like me?

HUGH. From a few facts, and a fair knowledge of human nature. You were carried away with your enthusiasm, and in your feverish zeal mistook wrong for right.

MRS. B. That is just what happened. But I broke the eighth commandment to help the blessed cause. (*Weeps*) Will I ever be forgiven?

HUGH. Your heart will answer that in the affirmative, and I think there is no doubt there can be a quiet adjustment of this mistake inside of the church.

MRS. B. You are right about knowin' that the dear Lord will forgive me (*Weeps*) but (*Sharply*) you are all wrong about anything bein' kept quiet in Grenville.

HUGH. I should like to hear your motive in your own words.

MRS. B. (*dramatically*). Queen Marie said that when she died, they would find "Calais" written across her heart and likewise "foreign missions" is engraved on mine.

HUGH. Such devotion does you credit, I am sure.

MRS. B. I opened the pocket-book, and knowin' what a stingy woman Mrs. Richman was, never subscribin' to anything, I made up my mind I would send the money to Mr. Milton, and she would be doin' good without a-knowin' of it.

HUGH. I see.

MRS. B. But while she was doing good without a-knowin' of it, I was doing bad without a-knowin' of it. Oh, deary me! How can I face that woman? (*Telephone rings. Aside*) I wonder if that is the constable?

HUGH (*answering telephone*). Hello! Yes, yes, Mr. Elliot is here. Yes, Mrs. Richman, I will call him. Hold the wire, please. (*Goes* L. D., *calling*). Mr. Elliot. Come in, Miss Cameron.

ENTER MR. ELLIOT *and* MARGARET L. D.

ELLIOT. Yes?

HUGH. Mrs. Richman would like to talk to you on the telephone.

ELLIOT. Oh, thank you! (*Crosses* R., MARGARET *goes to* MRS. BLUNT *at* R. C. *and puts arm around shoulders, comforting her. Business of* HUGH *watching and recognizing* MARGARET. ELLIOT *at telephone*) Yes.

HUGH (*aside*). "Miss Neptune," at last!

ELLIOT. Well, it was a false scent. I will call in a few moments with news which I cannot explain here. What was the amount, $25.52? What? You say you had just put $10 in the plate for the foreign mission collection?

MRS. B. Oh, what a fool I was!

ELLIOT. All right, Good-bye. (*Hangs up receiver*)

MRS. B. (*rising*). And may I go with you, Mr Elliot? I *must* face her now, and beg her pardon.

ELLIOT. Why yes, if you wish, but Miss Cameron?

HUGH. I will escort her home, and then I will call at your house, Mrs. Blunt and offer you the spiritual aid, which I have not had time to give you here.

MRS. B. Thank you! Thank you! I do need your help. I am only a poor, weak vessel, when I thought I was as strong as Samson.

HUGH. Good night! Good night, Elliot! I have something to show Miss Cameron, so do not wait.

ALL. Good night! [EXIT ELLIOT *and* MRS. BLUNT C. D.

HUGH. I want to show you something. Won't you sit down? Take this large chair. (*Ushering her to chair in front of fireplace*) I spent a week of my vacation at Nantucket this Summer. (MARGARET *looks at him quickly*) Have you ever been there?

MARGARET. Yes. (*Turning away her head*)

HUGH. Well, one day I dropped in a souvenier shop where the man had some charming photographs. I was looking over some beach scenes he had taken, when I came across one of a girl diving. Her face did not show plainly, but, being fond of water sports, I used to watch this graceful girl dive, so I recognized the photograph. (*Handing it to her*) Do you know her name? You will see that on the back of the picture, I have christened her "Miss Neptune."

MARGARET (*looking at photo, confused*). Yes, I know her. (*Handing it back and smiling*)

HUGH (*declining the photograph and bending over her chair*).

But now that I have found my aquatic friend, I cannot keep it without her permission.

MARGARET (*handing it back. Indifferently*). I am sure I would much rather have it in your possession than lying on a bargain counter.

HUGH. You do not appear in the least astonished. Did you recognize me at the station?

MARGARET. I suppose a woman's dress changes her appearance more than a man's, for I recognized you immediately.

HUGH. How stupid I was! when I have scrutinized the face of every dark-haired girl I have met since, hoping to find my water-nymph under her hat.

MARGARET. I never saw you on the beach again.

HUGH. No, I had to cease dreaming of water-nymphs, and return to my work the day after our sail.

MARGARET. We had such an interesting talk that I am afraid I hardly thanked you for saving my life. (*Telephone rings.* HUGH *makes a gesture of impatience.* MARGARET *crosses* L. *to avoid hearing conversation. Goes to book-case*)

HUGH. Yes, Mrs. Richman. You say you want me to officiate at a quiet ceremony two weeks from to-day? Oh, yes! I shall be most happy. You have decided to marry before going out to your ranch in Texas? Permit me to wish you happiness. Do I know the gentleman? Oh, Mr. Elliot! (*Business of* MARGARET *surprised*) Yes, Good-bye.

MARGARET. I hope that is not private as I could not help hearing it.

HUGH (*crosses* L.). Mrs. Blunt says nothing is private in Grenville. I imagined Mr. Elliot was a suitor of yours.

MARGARET. Well, he did bother me a good deal, and I am delighted to get him off my mind.

HUGH. Not your heart?

MARGARET. No indeed! (*Crosses* R.) I could never fall in love with a man like Lester. Why, (*Archly*) he doesn't even know how to swim.

HUGH (*crosses* R.). By the way, Margaret, I may call you Margaret, may I not? I want *a short cut* to success in my new pastorate. In other words, I want you to retract those resignations. Won't you stand by me, and help me in my work?

MARGARET. It is a woman's prerogative to change her mind, is it not?

HUGH. Then you will. (*Sits on arm of her chair*) Let us shake hands on that. (*They shake hands,* HUGH *retaining her hand*) I have not words in my vocabulary to thank you. Your

help means everything to me—so much in fact, that I want your help for life. Could you give it to me, Margaret?

MARGARET (*permitting* HUGH *to retain her hand*). It is rather a long contract, but I believe I could.

HUGH (*embracing her. Music cue: "I love a lassie." Jumping up*). And *now* is the time to tie up that bell!

QUICK CURTAIN.

A BUNCH OF ROSES

A Burlesque Musical Entertainment, By W. D. Felter

PRICE, 15 CENTS

Cast of Characters

Mrs. Phœbe Ann Rose	*from Kalamazoo*
Prudence Lobelia, Polly Clorinda, Priscilla, Pamelia, Patience, Penelope	*the Bunch of Roses*
Lilly, Pansy, Violet, Daisy	*the Rose-buds*
Sally Sparks	*who only "thinks so."*
Matilda Jane	*the Hired Girl*
Melvin Melrose	*the Only Young Man on the Spot*

A burlesque musical entertainment in 1 act, by W. D. Felter (author of "The Sweet Family," etc.), 1 male, 13 female characters. Time of performance about 1½ hours. This is a miscellaneous programme rendered for the benefit of "The Free Ice Fund for the Philippine Islanders." It includes various "specialties," living pictures, Mother-Goose chorus, etc., and concludes with a burlesque operetta entitled "Johnny Jones." The Roses, the Rosebuds and the Only Young Man on the Spot make up an entertainment that cannot fail to excite continuous mirth for the better part of an evening. The author has produced this burlesque at church entertainments in many parts of the country, with unvarying success.

GERTRUDE MASON, M.D.

Or, THE LADY DOCTOR

A Farce in One Act, for Female Characters, By L. M. C. Armstrong

PRICE, 15 CENTS

Cast of Characters

Gertrude Mason, M.D.	*a young Physician*
Bertha Lawrence, Ella Gray	*her Friends*
Miss Jane Simpkins	*a Spinster of Uncertain Age*
Mrs. Van Style	*one of the "400"*
Norah	*Dr. Mason's Cook*
Marie	*a Lady's Maid*

Time.—The Present. Place.—New York.
Time of Representation.—Thirty Minutes.

An exceedingly bright piece for young ladies, in which young Dr. Gertrude, already a victim of circumstances, is made the victim of a practical joke. The scenes with *Mrs. Van Style*, who mistakes the doctor for a pawnbroker, and *Miss Jane Simpkins*, who brings a sick dog to be cured, are hilarious, while *Nora*, an Irish cook, is deliciously droll. The cook is the star of the piece, but all the personages are vivacious and every situation bristles with fun.

PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE

A Military Comedy-Drama in Four Acts, by CHARLES WALCOTT RUSSELL

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Ten male (two may double), three female characters, and a child about five years of age, viz.: Leading juvenile man, heavy, second heavy, light comedy, two low comedians, strong old man, negro comedian, leading juvenile lady, walking lady and negro girl comedian. One interior scene; three exteriors, two of them closely similar. Time of playing, two hours and a quarter. An excellent play, as all the parts are good and evenly divided. Five comedy parts make it lively enough for any audience. The leading parts are strongly drawn yet easily handled. A play of the Civil War that will arouse no ill-feeling North or South. Professional stage rights reserved. Amateur production free.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—The dance at Verley's house. The mysterious hand, disappearance of the ice-cream and Bingo's dilemma. Teena's ingenious explanation. Dupré's courting and Kate Preston's defence of Elliott. Bingo and Teena. Dupré accuses Elliott of cheating at cards. Dupré persistent, and Elliott's disgrace.

ACT II.—The Federal Camp. Mickey Free loses a finger. Elliott arrives with dispatches. Dupré's endeavor to obtain them. Elliott's arrest for assaulting his superior officer, Dupré. Rescue of Marjorie. Heroism.

ACT III.—Dupré's mean revenge. Kate's defence of Confederate generals. Elliott's rescue of his Company's flag. "Sheridan's Cavalry never retreats!" Preston a prisoner of war. Elliott in charge of dispatches to Gen. Grant. Dupré accuses Elliott of having served time in prison. "Yes, Victor Dupré, I spent two months of my life in the military prison of Andersonville." Honor.

ACT IV.—Sally Verley's jealousy. Preston's explanation. Elliott prepares for taking the dispatches to General Grant. The loaded cigar. Teena's assignation and Bingo's opportunity. Preston refuses to steal the dispatches. Dupré's determination overheard by Kate. "The dispatches have been stolen!" Detection of Dupré. Elliott's vindication. The dispatches unnecessary. "General Lee has surrendered."

WHAT'S NEXT?

A Farce-Comedy in Three Acts, by BOB WATT

PRICE, 25 CENTS

Seven male, four female characters, with four utility parts to be doubled by the preceding. If desired, a lot of school children can be worked into the first act. Two interior scenes, School Room and Parlor; easily staged; can be played in any hall. Time of playing, two hours and a half. A "specialty" play that is simply three acts of laugh. Has a first-rate leading soubrette rôle (Country Girl). Audiences will giggle over this play for a month and then want to see it played again.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

ACT I.—THE BOGTOWN DISTRICT SCHOOL. Chub's story. Scheme No. 1. "Have you a week-day and a Sunday name?" Poke's Pine Potion. The compact. Polly's first lesson in love. One of the deestrict school board. Visitors. "Washington crossing the Alps." Scheme No. 2. The school examination. Zeph makes a sensation. The young idea out shooting. "Danged if it ain't like the circus!"

ACT II.—MOSES MADDER'S STUDIO IN NEW YORK. A domestic set-to. Willie comes in, in a hurry. "Bwing on the girl and the minister." Polly paralyzes the dude. "You're a pretty good liar, ain't you?" Hiring a "boomer." Chub and Polly. Gertie gets gushing. Timothy Trenwith, from Texas. Zeph has another conniption. Getting some points from the widow. A jolly row in the house. Willie gets left. Madder's schemes grow shaky. "First scalp for Zeph!"

ACT III.—SCENE AS BEFORE. A flattering arrangement. "Look here, I ain't no angel!" Polly's plan. Willie in trouble again. Gertie and the widow have another tiff. Another scheme smashed. Mary Ann Fogarty on the servant question. Gertie catches a man at last. "The circus is going to begin." Willie runs amuck with wan av the foinest. Madder's masterpiece. The "boomer" takes a trick. "I'm as happy as ef I owned the hull State of Texas!" Gertie on the warpath. "O Chub, that kerflumuxes me!" Willie and the widow. "I've got a little lie and I can't tell a hatchet." The last scheme knocked in the head. "WHAT'S NEXT?"

OAK FARM

COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

By ANTHONY E. WILLS

PRICE 25 CENTS

Seven male, four female characters, being first old man, leading man, comedy, character heavy, three comedy characters; first old lady, leading lady and two lady comedy characters. Time of playing, 2½ hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Scene, room in the Weatherby home, Oak Farm. Donald departs for college. The farm mortgaged. Donald and Helen betrothed. The rain agent. Joel and Sally. Prune, postmaster and money lender.

Act II.—Scene, the same, three years later. The intercepted letters. "Why does not Donald write?" The old maid's suitors. Prune's rascality. The mortgage due.

Act III.—Same scene, two months later. Prune unmasked. The old maid's stratagem. The stranger's offer declined. "I am Donald." Joy at Oak Farm.

ESCAPED FROM THE LAW

COMEDY DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS

By C. WALCOTT RUSSELL

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Seven male, five female characters. The owner of a factory, his superintendent, a French scientist, a physician, an English labor agitator, gardener and butler. The owner's wife and daughter, his partner's widow, a maid-servant, a neighbor and a policeman. A labor agitator's plot to promote a strike and burn the owner's house. Time of playing, 2½ hours. 3 interior and 1 exterior scenes.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Morning. The Irishman and the anarchist. The doctor recognizes and exposes the woman from Martinique.

Act II.—Evening. A wife's confession. Flight.

Act III.—Three weeks later. The dying child. One of Nature's noblemen. The plot to burn the factory. "Your silence or your life."

Act IV.—The widow and the superintendent. The house surrounded by rioters. The telegraph message. The wires cut.

Act V.—A wife's sacrifice and husband's remorse. The rioters dispersed. Home and love once more.

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25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BY THE ENEMY'S HAND. 4 Acts; 2 hours	10	4
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PRISONER OF ANDERSONVILLE. 4 Acts; 2¼ hours	10	4
CAPTAIN DICK. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	9	6
ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 4 Acts; 2 hours	9	3
LITTLE SAVAGE. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	4	4
BY FORCE OF IMPULSE. (15 cents.) 5 Acts; 2½ hours	9	3
BETWEEN TWO FIRES. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2 hours	8	3

RURAL PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

MAN FROM MAINE. 5 Acts; 2¼ hours	9	3
AMONG THE BERKSHIRES. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours	8	4
OAK FARM. 3 Acts; 2½ hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
GREAT WINTERSON MINE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	4
SQUIRE THOMPKINS' DAUGHTER. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	5	2
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
FROM PUNKIN RIDGE. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1 hour	6	3
LETTER FROM HOME. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 25 minutes	1	1

ENTERTAINMENTS

25 CENTS EACH

AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY. 1 Scene	5	11
BACHELOR MAIDS' REUNION. 1 Scene	2	30
IN THE FERRY HOUSE. 1 Scene; 1½ hours	19	15
JAPANESE WEDDING. 1 Scene; 1 hour	3	10
MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE. 2 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
OLD PLANTATION NIGHT. 1 Scene; 1¼ hours	4	4
YE VILLAGE SKEWL OF LONG AGO. 1 Scene.	13	12
FAMILIAR FACES OF A FUNNY FAMILY	8	11
JOLLY BACHELORS. Motion Song or Recitation	11	
CHRISTMAS MEDLEY. 30 minutes	15	14
EASTER TIDINGS. 20 minutes		8
BUNCH OF ROSES. (15 cents.) 1 Act; 1½ hours	1	13
OVER THE GARDEN WALL. (15 cents)	11	8

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COMEDIES AND

25 CENTS EACH

	M.	F.
BREAKING HIS BONDS. 4 Acts; 2 hours	6	3
BUTTERNUT'S BRIDE. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	11	6
COLLEGE CHUMS. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	9	3
COUNT OF NO ACCOUNT. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	9	4
DEACON. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	8	6
DELEGATES FROM DENVER. 2 Acts; 45 minutes	3	10
DOCTOR BY COURTESY. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	5
EASTSIDERS, The. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	8	4
ESCAPED FROM THE LAW. 5 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
GIRL FROM PORTO RICO. 3 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
GYPSY QUEEN. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
IN THE ABSENCE OF SUSAN. 3 Acts; 1½ hours	4	6
JAIL BIRD. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	3
JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP. 4 Acts; 2 hours	7	4
MY LADY DARRELL. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	9	6
MY UNCLE FROM INDIA. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	13	4
NEXT DOOR. 3 Acts; 2 hours	5	4
PHYLLIS'S INHERITANCE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	9
REGULAR FLIRT. 3 Acts; 2 hours	4	4
ROGUE'S LUCK. 3 Acts; 2 hours	5	3
SQUIRE'S STRATAGEM. 5 Acts; 2½ hours	6	4
STEEL KING. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
WHAT'S NEXT? 3 Acts; 2½ hours	7	4
WHITE LIE. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	4	3

WESTERN PLAYS

25 CENTS EACH

ROCKY FORD. 4 Acts; 2 hours	8	3
GOLDEN GULCH. 3 Acts; 2¼ hours	11	3
RED ROSETTE. 3 Acts; 2 hours	6	3
MISS MOSHER OF COLORADO. 4 Acts; 2½ hours	5	3
STUBBORN MOTOR CAR. 3 Acts; 2 hours; 1 Stage Setting	7	4
CRAWFORD'S CLAIM. (15 cents.) 3 Acts; 2¼ hours.	9	3

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